

Starched & Cleaned

Lil' Flip

Let's do it!
Starched and cleaned
Poppin' out lookin' good
I still represent the same... neighborhood

Aye... the whole world like "Flip where the fuck you been?"
On vacation, ridin' in my Maybach Benz (yeaahh)
I'm swangin' left and right like I ain't got no license
The nine on my hip I call it "Iron" Mike Tyson
And you already know what we mix our Sprites in (sizzurp)
Yellow gold that's where we dip our ice in (bling!)
Your hoes that's where we stick our pipes in
Homie I'm freeestylin', I'm not writin'
Man I be reppin' Texas way harder than y'all (harder than y'all)
I'm a millionaire dawg, I'm way smarter than y'all (smart than y'all)
I got 15 pieces, cars with no leases
A DJ Screw shirt in the v-suits with cream, you know I'm

Big Pokey, he from Yellow Stone
I be rollin' hella chrome
Clover watch with yellow stones (I'm shinin'!)
Cook the work then get it gone
Break it down to all zones and don't be talkin' on your phone (hello... cause we grindin'!)

See I be gettin' cash now, my 84's glass now
Ya be ridin' on 3's, you ain't like them Clover G's
I got a ticket at the light cause my rims ain't stop (stop!)
And I hope he don't smell all this smoke comin' out
You know the Clover G's first, then Squad-Up next (next)
So all my enemies you better guard ya chest (yep!)
Cause everyday I'm fly now, yeah my paper high now
And I represent the Screwed Up Click until I die ha!

I'm a H-Town nigga (Tex)
Stay down nigga
Parkin' out at the club, at the playground nigga (aye)
I don't lay down nigga (why?)
I lay niggas down (how many?)
I rock Sean John lining, and I don't play around
I push mo' teeth than the motiff
I get my grind on homie
Everything starched down, like I gotta get my eye on (pop my collar)
And I still represent the same neighborhood (what's that?)
Yellow Stone with my yellow stones against the wood (aye)
I'm a hood nigga, tight white, white ones
Bad bitches get head pinned
I'mma go pull out the right ones
I shine like diamonds, swangin' wide with the roof back
Cushion the amp with the roof cracked
Dawg is hot, I'mma loot that

Ayyyyyeee....
I'm poppin' out and lookin 'good fresh out that wood grain
Recline the buck and hold the cup befo' I switch lane
I'm in that brain stain, where seven disc change
It's in the wind, but spinnin' rims when the speed gain (gain)
Oh yeah this Ke man, plus I stay starched and cleaned

I'm poppin' doors and pullin' hoes befo' I flee the scene
They catch us steppin' out with foreign doors and plenty slab
It's Don Ke and young Flippa, niggas do the math
The doors suicide (cide), the brains blowin' out (blowin' out)
It's chrome strutzin', buttergutcha, know what I'm talkin' 'bout?
It's S.U.C., Screwston, Texas so we slowed down
You sip you drank and get you bank, this is H-Town